



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

fortune had been removed. But, Thornton, again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here, Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes, Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

" 'Perhaps not,' said I; 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell of course did make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little, and I have reason to believe only a very little too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left alone.

"Thornton, since that hour, I have been a miserable man."—Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience—ay, conscience, Thornton—conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved? and how could I have believed that?.....but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and, as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet, if the events which he had related had not taken place, it never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a competency reserved for his own children and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising to take leave, "let this subject drop for ever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend," said I—for could I refuse to call the wretched man before me, friend?—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is not given to us to kill, but to cure."

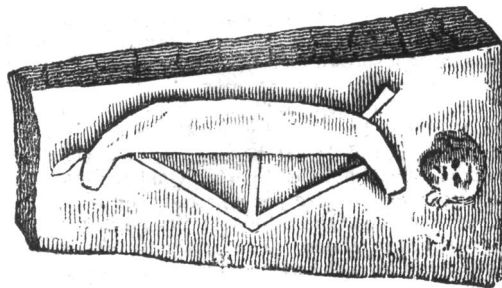
Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "There are remedies; I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My dreams were dis-

turbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the bed-side of old Bellenden, examining the phials, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again, he had a phial in his hand, and uncorked it; and in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol, and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the remedy of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington-street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried up stairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a phial was in his hand, which at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I—but farther speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

#### ANCIENT STONE OR FLAG.



The above is a correct representation of an ancient stone or flag, in the graveyard of the abbey of Selskar, (a drawing of which appeared in the Journal some weeks since), on the surface of which some hieroglyphics are portrayed. It may be seen by the drawing that a piece is broken off the end of the stone; the upper figure seems to represent a man's head, and it is probable that the other is a bark or vessel, with which the individual, whose remains it once covered, had likely some connexion. P. M. O.

Wexford, 1854,

#### HEARTBURN.

This is an uneasy sensation of heat about the pit of the stomach; sometimes attended with flatulence and difficulty of breathing, with retching. It generally proceeds either from bile, debility of the stomach, or a too frequent use of acid food, which ferments on the stomach. Those, therefore, who are subject to heartburn should avoid all fat substances, acids, &c. Violent exercise, after a full meal, is also injurious. If it arises from indigestion, a dose of rhubarb will be necessary, and afterwards the Peruvian bark, or any stomachic bitter infused in wine or brandy, and taken as a strengthener. When the disorder arises from acidity in the stomach, two teaspoonfuls of magnesia in a cup of mint-water will generally alleviate the pain; but a larger dose will not be hurtful, should that not prove sufficient.

#### DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.